

Tristes Pâques
for Frantz Duval

No kites ply the skies over Port-au-Prince.
Bored young on smart phones hang out out-of-doors.
The dried fish street vendors feel the salt pinch.
Few fuss over the same-old paschal chores.
No one will hold you to the week-long fast
on cod and hard-boiled eggs, on tinned sardines,
building up to Sunday's plump turkey feast.
Many smile on rice, spaghetti or beans.
The pharmacy on the Champs de Mars
no longer sells those cut-price chocolate eggs.
It is a lot to go to every mass.
The ups and downs are hard on the old legs.
The streets are not good, the elders say. Wait.
Jesus will rise. You would be wise to stay put.

Aidan Rooney was born in 1965 in Monaghan, Ireland, and educated at Saint Patrick's College, Maynooth, National University of Ireland. A resident of the U.S. since 1987, he lives in Hingham, Massachusetts, and teaches at Thayer Academy. He was awarded the Hennessy Literary Award for New Irish Poet in 1997, and has two collections published by The Gallery Press in Ireland. In 2013, he was awarded the Daniel Varoujan Award from the New England Poetry Club. Widely published, Aidan's third collection, has just been published by MadHat Press.

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